

## Chapter 80 She's Carrying My Pup

After promising Lancelot that neither of them would speak about all that they had heard, and seen in the room today, both Lee and Doctor Flinn believed it was time for them to take their leave.

"I must be going now sir, I would not want the queen to search for me. She would think that I supported your unruly behavior towards the crown," Lee spoke, sending Lancelot a wink, just to ease the tension in the room. Lancelot managed to chuckle, butler Lee had always had his way with words. The man knew how to bring life out of every dead situation, and make everyone share in his joy. Lancelot considered himself blessed to have him in his life. "And I as well, I do have grandchildren to return to," Flinn spoke up, casting a knowing smile at Lancelot.

Lancelot's eyes moved from Lee to Flinn continuously.

"So, you two ganged up on me huh? Came together and now you're leaving together." As he spoke, everyone laughed.

"It's nothing like that, you're with the one you care about, it is time we return to the ones we care about too...you're one of them, but you know what I'm saying," Flinn replied, while still laughing.

"And I have a job I care about," Lee added, throwing his head back in laughter.

When all their daughters dissolved, Lancelot granted them permission to leave, and watched as they did.

The only ones who remained in the room were Roxanne, Peter, him, Lee and the hospital doctor.

After taking another look at Roxanne, the doctor excused himself out of the room, but Lancelot called him back.

"Sir?" he asked, looking up at Lancelot with an uncertain look on his face. The Alpha King's eyes scrutinized the doctor's lean frame, before speaking up.

"You were saying something earlier, before my visitors came in. I would like you to finish your statement," Lancelot spoke, in a dangerously hush tone.

Doctor Matthias cleared his throat and adjusted the collar of his laboratory coat before looking Lancelot straight in the eyes. He had to inform him of the severity and complexity of the situation, and also make sure he understands everything. "As I was saying earlier, I was quite surprised that the baby did not suffer great casualties, such as death, but that does not mean..."

The rest of the doctor's statement blurred out of Lancelot's mind, once he heard the word 'baby.'

His brows squinted in confusion, and for the first time in a very long time, Lancelot was dumbstruck, speechless, and at a loss for both words and actions.

What the hell did the doctor mean by "the baby"? What was he even talking about? Roxanne was pregnant?

Lancelot's eyes drifted to Roxanne, who lay on the bed, with an oxygen mask strapped to her nose. This was so much to take in, even for him. He blinked sporadically, fighting to keep his head and his thoughts in the present. "...however, once she is awake, we would make sure to carry out

scans just to make sure the baby is healthy. Although, it would be difficult seeing as the fetus is barely eight weeks old. But, with our expert technology and..." Barely two months old? Lancelot thought again. It dawned on him all of a sudden. The night of her sister's wedding! The night they had shared, the one he marked her in. It all made sense now, the baby she was carrying was his.

Why didn't she know since? And if she did, why didn't she tell him?

"...I assure you sir, I would do everything within my medical power to make sure that both mother and child survive this unscarred," the doctor spoke again, bowing to Lancelot.

"You had better," was all Lancelot managed to say. Not surprised by his fairly hostile reaction, the doctor excused himself from the room once again, and Lancelot was left to stare at Roxanne's stomach, continuously. "This complicates everything, Your Grace."

Lancelot shrugged on hearing Peter speak. He wondered why and how his assistant was able to read his thoughts all the time.

"She's carrying my pup," Lancelot spoke up. It felt so surreal to him, like he was dreaming. He had never imagined that Roxanne would be carrying his pup. He had put the poor thing in danger all this while without knowing it. By the goddess! The baby wasn't even here yet, and he was already being a bad parent.

"That's not the problem sir. Everything is heated, everywhere is on fire. The palace, how do you explain this to the royal house?"

"I am Alpha Lancelot now, I believe London Pride pack is mine."

"Not if you don't arrive at the palace before 11pm," Peter cut in, harsher than he had intended to sound. For the sole reason that Lancelot knew he was right, he allowed his assistant's behavior slide. Everyone was hanging by a thin thread now, it was only natural Peter's snaps before his.

He stole a glance at the analogue clock on the room wall, it was already 10:15pm. He had to return to the palace as soon as possible.

But before that, he had to make sure that Roxanne was safe and properly taken care of.

He turned to Peter before speaking.

"Get in touch with her friend from New York, the one who escorted her to the airport, I can't seem to remember her name."

"Emily," Peter spoke up, and Lancelot sighed.

"Yes, Emily. Make sure that she is here first thing tomorrow morning, we would cover the cost of flight and ticket, and I need her to be with Roxanne as soon as possible." She's the only one he trusted with Roxanne. Although Peter had been loyal to him for three years, it now seemed as though his assistant was more loyal to the crown, than he was to Lancelot Dankworth, and Lancelot did not like that.

"Yes sir." Peter nodded.

"You'll hurry back to the palace and get her clothes and all necessary items. She would not be returning to the palace until I'm able to get everything under control," Lancelot ordered again. Within him, Peter fought the urge to shrug his shoulders.